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### THE POUND OF FLESH.

SHYLOCK BUTLER.—We soldiers made a bad bargain in 1861; let us wring the last dollar out of the Government now. (*Boston Speech.*)



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 27th, 1890. — No. 703.

**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER is not generally regarded in the light of a national benefactor. He had his period of usefulness, in the time of the civil war; but like the Reverend Mr. Isaacs, in Mr. Edward Everett Hale's story, he has made the fatal mistake of trying to repeat the rare feat of doing the right thing, at the right time, in the right place. As a rule, the man who tries to do this slips up—to use a worldly phrase—and General Butler has most notoriously slipped up, even to such an extent that his endeavors to do and be something have of late years rendered him only a butt for cruel and heartless jests. He has gone to the length of making himself the Comic Presidential Candidate—there is always one comic candidate at every presidential election—and of putting himself on a social and political plane with Dr. Mary Walker, Private Dalzell, and even the more recent Mr. McGinty, three people who are always sure of a few votes, even in the most lively polling-time.

But General Butler has at last succeeded in doing, for a second time, the right thing, at the right time, in the right place. On the 13th of August, at the picnic of the Grand Army of the Republic in Boston, Massachusetts, he delivered himself of a speech in the course of which he declared that the soldier who rushed to the defense of the Union in 1861 made a bad bargain with the United States Government, that the soldier should have been paid in gold, and not in a depreciated currency, and that he should now make it his business to collect from the government what that government still owed him on the account of his bad bargain.

Now, it may appear to the calm citizen who is not prosecuting a claim against the government, that this was a most unpatriotic, mean, unworthy speech. Major McKinley, who was present, evidently thought it was; and he can not be accused of holding too conservative views of the functions and duties of the general government. He arose and said that he was obliged to disagree with the gentleman—(it is strange how habits of parliamentary usage will cling to a man, and shape his speech in spite of him,)—who had just spoken. He thought that the soldier in engaging to

defend his country, had made a good bargain; and he gave it to be understood as his opinion that the soldier's success—in some small measure—paid him for his hardships and dangers.

It is our opinion, also, that the speech of General Butler was most unpatriotic, mean and unworthy. And yet we hold that General Butler did the right thing, at the right time, in the right place. He absolutely fulfilled the purpose for which he was summoned to the gathering of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be its spokesman. He formulated an idea that has been in existence for many years without finding a chance to get into plain English. He said what the men about him thought; he stated their position for them; and he has made it far more easy for the rest of the people to know where they stand, and to deal with them on a basis of candid common-sense.

The plain English of General Butler's speech is this—since it stands unrebutted by the Grand Army of the Republic—that the bulk of that Grand Army desires to be considered as a body of Hessians—hired soldiers, mercenaries, who, having made a "bargain" with the government to protect and save it, are determined to wring from that government every cent and every mill that by any legal quibble can be held due to them.

The legal quibble that they employ at present is that they were paid in a depreciated currency. So were the men who staid at home and worked hard to pay taxes and buy United States bonds, that the war might go on. With this depreciated currency they bought their coats and breeches, and their wives' gowns; their beef and pork and mutton; the timber to build their houses, and the milk that went into their childrens' mouths. They fought hard for their living, bore their share of the common burden, paid the expenses of the army, and made no complaint. The depreciated currency which was good enough for the man who earned it at the rear was good enough for the man who earned it at the front—and nobody, in those days, front or rear, thought otherwise.

Now, you can be one of two things, when war strikes a nation. You can be a brave and patriotic soldier, rushing forward to defend his countrymen, well satisfied, when his task is done, with a soldier's pay and a soldier's honor, willing to ask aid of the government only if you are unable to face the world again as a man among men. Or, you can be a calculating mercenary, making a "bargain" with the government, and getting the last cent conceivably due to you for the exposure of your person. If the Grand Army of the Republic had not chosen to rank itself with this second class, it would have disowned and condemned General Butler's speech. It has accepted and fathered that unpatriotic, mean, and unworthy utterance. And the Grand Army must not complain if, when it parades on Decoration Day, we take our children to see the show, not to inspire them with the sight of patriots marching shoulder to shoulder; but to warn them never to fall into the easily recruited ranks of the Hessians.

**A DELAYED FEAST**



COMMERCIAL TOURIST. — Can I get a bite to eat here, Auntie?

MRS. CLEWITT. — Yo 's raight yo' kin. Mah liddle Reginald 's jes' gone down to 't' kill a chick.



LITTLE REGINALD. — Hol' on dar! Hol' on! I wuz jes' a-foolin'.

## THROUGH GARDEN AND MEADOW.



I. N EIGHTEEN-CARROT raptures  
I wander round the place.  
My pensive spirit captures  
Its flower-scented grace.

II.  
Hibiscus, ampelopsis,  
Alyssum, cyclamen,  
Lobelia, ipomopsis  
Are blooming in my ken.

III.  
The scarlet runner's sighing  
About the pipes and spouts.  
The beaten carpet's lying  
Upon the Brussels sprouts.

IV.  
Defunct beneath the cherry  
The okra's in the soup,  
The pungent dusenberry  
Begins to pine and droop.

V.  
The Indian pipe, which surely  
Should be the calumet,  
I watch while I demurely  
Enjoy my cigarette.

IX.  
The muse my spirit masters  
Till here I seem to bide,  
As rich as all the asters  
That blossom in their pride.

VI.  
The pinks blow in perfection,  
The ice-plant melts away;  
For Tammany's election  
The tiger lily's gay.

VII.  
I murmur unto Phyllis:  
"Sweet William's not afraid  
'To sport with Amaryllis'—  
See Milton—in the shade."

VIII.  
The blue and gold lantana,  
The red-hot poker plant,  
The gay virumque canna  
Inspire my little chant.

R. K. M.

## MIRANDA'S LITERARY CAREER.

## ONE PHASE.

MIRANDA, a rejected contributor.

THE EDITOR, as bashful as an editor can be.

MIRANDA.—I came—that is—I have come—because—because  
I do like your paper so much, and—I should just love—to have my first  
story printed in it.

THE EDITOR (dubiously).—Your first?

MIRANDA.—Yes—I mean—I have written a good many—but—  
but so far they—have not been—printed. I felt quite—discouraged—  
but since I read your "Information for  
Young Writers" I have determined  
to take your advice and describe  
real experiences. I see now  
that my stories were rejected  
because I did n't put enough  
realism into them. There's  
the love making, for instance.  
Of course—well—of course  
—I—have had—experi-  
ences—but really—there  
were none suitable for pub-  
lication exactly, especially—  
the proposals. I'm sure I  
never had a suitable—pro-  
posal—that is—one that  
would look well printed. So  
I thought—if you would be  
so kind—you are a man of  
so many experiences—you  
might give me an—illustra-  
tion. What is your custom  
—under such circumstances?

The inopportune (or other-  
wise) entrance of the OFFICE  
BOY deferred the answer of  
the EDITOR. The sequel (if  
any) we have been unable to  
learn.

M. Bourchier.

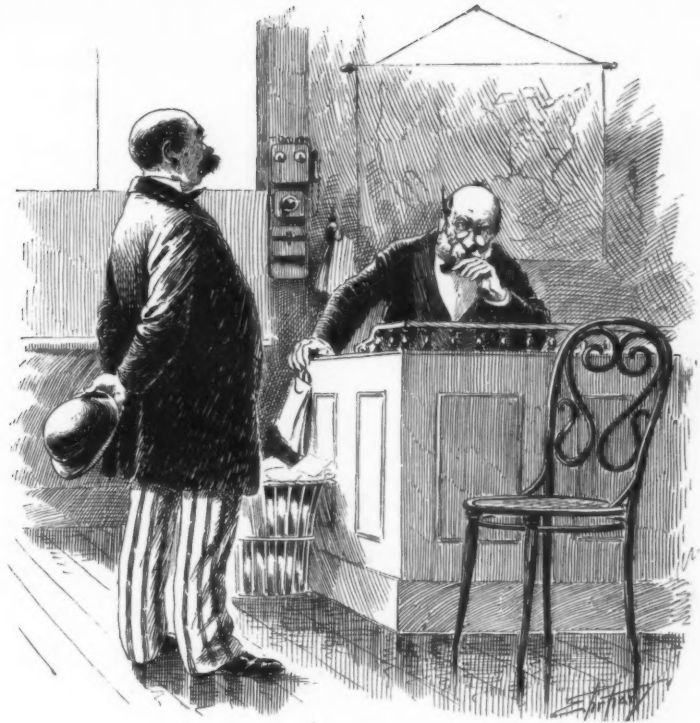


## DELICATELY EXPRESSED.

KITTIE (at the wheel).—Look out, she's going to jibe!

AUNT MARIA (who has been looking very pale).—I really  
think that Kittie need n't have called attention to my distress  
in her horrid sea slang.

ADVICE TO the next Freshman  
Class at Harvard—Look not  
upon the Paint when it is Red.



## HE WAS ENGAGED AT ONCE.

SECRET SERVICE OFFICIAL.—This special mission  
requires a man of the utmost delicacy, tact and diplomacy.  
What credentials have you?

APPLICANT.—I've jest been umpirin' a baby-show.

## A DEFINITION.

JOHNNY.—What is a theory, Pa?"

PA.—A theory, my son, is an impracticable plan for doing something  
that is impossible.

## CHICAGO'S METHOD OF COMPUTATION.

CHICAGOAN (to NEW YORKER).—I say, now, did n't we push you  
in the census, though?

NEW YORKER.—Yes; but did n't your figures include your estimates  
of the people who may attend the World's Fair?

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF "THE  
KREUTZER SONATA."

FRED (to CLARA at piano).

—"Kreutzer's Sonata?"

Do you play it?

CLARA.—That's Tolstol's;  
and I have none of his  
music.

## VERY PAINFUL.

FIRST MUSICIAN.—I  
can't stand it down at  
Brighton any longer. I'm  
going to quit.

SECOND MUSICIAN.—  
Why?

FIRST MUSICIAN.—  
Because the sea air takes  
all the curl out of my  
moustache.

## AN INKY WASTE.

"Why do they call Af-  
rica the 'Dark Continent'?"

"Because there's so  
much black ink shed over it."

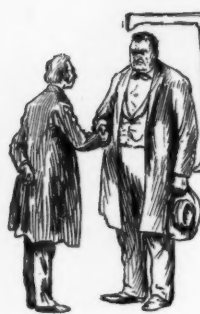
## A BATHING-SUIT—Leander's.

FIGHTING WAS the work of the  
ancient Knight; the Knight of  
Labor fights by doing no work.



VII.

## THE TWO CHURCHES OF 'QUAWKET.\*



THE REVEREND COLTON M. PURSLY, of Aquawket, (commonly pronounced 'Quawket,) looked out of his study window over a remarkably pretty New England prospect, stroked his thin, grayish side-whiskers, and sighed deeply. He was a pale, sober, ill-dressed Congregationalist minister of forty-two or three. He had eyes of willow-pattern blue, a large nose, and a large mouth, with a smile of forced amiability in the corners. He was amiable, perfectly amiable and innocuous—but that smile sometimes made people with a strong sense of humor want to kill him. The smile lingered even while he sighed.

Mr. Pursly's house was set upon a hill, although it was a modest abode. From his window he looked down one of those splendid streets that are the pride and glory of old towns in New England—a street fifty yards wide, arched with grand Gothic elms, bordered with houses of pale yellow and white, some in the homelike, simple yet dignified colonial style, some with great Doric porticos at the street end. And above the billowy green of the tree-tops rose two shapely spires, one to the right, of granite, one to the left, of sandstone. It was the sight of these two spires that made Mr. Pursly sigh.

With a population of four thousand five hundred, 'Quawket had an Episcopal Church, a Roman Catholic Church, a Presbyterian Church, a Methodist Church, a Universalist Church, (very small,) a Baptist Church, a Hall for the "Seventh-Day Baptists," (used for secular purposes every day but Saturday,) a Bethel, and—"The Two Churches"—as every one called the First and Second Congregational Churches. Fifteen years before there had been but one Congregational Church, where a prosperous and contented congregation worshiped in a plain little old-fashioned red brick church on a side-street. Then, out of this very prosperity, came the idea of building a fine new freestone church on Main Street. And, when the new church was half-built, the congregation split on the question of putting a "rain-box" in the new organ. It is quite unnecessary to detail how this quarrel over a handful of peas grew into a church war, with ramifications and interlacements and entanglements and side-issues and under-currents and embroilments of all sorts and conditions. In three years there was a First Congregational Church, in freestone, solid, substantial, plain, and a Second Congregational Church in granite, something gingerbreadly, but showy and modish—for there are fashions in architecture as there are in millinery, and we cut our houses this way this year and that way the next. And these two churches had half a congregation apiece, and a full-sized debt, and they lived together in a spirit of Christian unity, on Capulet and Montague terms. The people of the First Church called the people of the Second Church the "Sad-duceecedeers," because there was no future for them, and the people of the Second Church called the people of the First Church the "Pharisee-me's." And this went on year after year, through the Winters when the foxes hugged their holes in the ground within the woods about 'Quawket, through the Summers when the birds of the air twittered in their nests in the great elms of Main Street.

If the First Church had a revival, the Second Church had a fair. If the pastor of the First Church exchanged with a distinguished preacher

from Philadelphia, the organist of the Second Church got a celebrated tenor from Boston and had a service of song. This system after a time created a class in both churches known as "the floats," in contradistinction to the "pillars." The floats went from one church to the other according to the attractions offered. There were, in the end, more floats than pillars.

The Reverend Mr. Pursly inherited this contest from his predecessor. He had carried it on for three years. Finally, being a man of logical and precise mental processes, he called the head men of his congregation together, and told them what in worldly language might be set down thus:

There was room for one Congregational Church in 'Quawket, and for one only. The flock must be reunited in the parent fold. To do this a master stroke was necessary. They must build a Parish House. All of which was true beyond question—and yet—the church had a debt of \$20,000 and a Parish House would cost \$15,000.

And now the Reverend Mr. Pursly was sitting at his study window, wondering why all the rich men *would* join the Episcopal Church. He cast down his eyes, and saw a rich man coming up his path who could readily have given \$15,000 for a Parish House, and who might safely be expected to give \$1.50, if he were rightly approached. A shade of bitterness crept over Mr. Pursly's professional smile. Then a look of puzzled wonder took possession of his face. Brother Joash Hitt was regular in his attendance at church and at prayer-meeting; but he kept office-hours in his religion, as in everything else, and never before had he called upon his pastor.

Two minutes later, the minister was nervously shaking hands with Brother Joash Hitt.

"I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Hitt," he stammered, "very glad—I'm—I'm—"

"S'prised?" suggested Mr. Hitt, grimly.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Mr. Pursly.

Mr. Hitt sat down in the darkest corner of the room, and glared at his embarrassed host. He was a huge old man, bent, heavily-built, with grizzled dark hair, black eyes, skin tanned to a mahogany brown, a heavy square under-jaw, and big leathery dewlaps on each side of it that looked as hard as the jaw itself. Brother Joash had been all things in his long life—sea-captain, commission merchant, speculator, slave-dealer even, people said—and all things to his profit. Of late years he had turned over his capital in money-lending, and people said that his great claw-like fingers had grown crooked with holding the tails of his mortgages.

A silence ensued. The pastor looked up and saw that Brother Joash had no intention of breaking it.

"Can I do any thing for you, Mr. Hitt?" inquired Mr. Pursly.

"Ya-as," said the old man. "Ye kin. I b'leeve you gin'lly git sump'n' over 'n' above your sellery when you preach a fun'l sermon?"

"Well, Mr. Hitt, it—yes—it is customary."

"How much?"

"The usual honorarium is—h'm—ten dollars."

"The—*whut*?"

"The—the fee."

"Will you write me one for ten dollars?"

"Why—why—" said the minister, nervously; "I did n't know that any one had—had died—"

"There hain't no one died, ez I know. It's *my* fun'l sermon I want."

"But, my dear Mr. Hitt, I trust you are not—that you won't—that—"



"Life's a rope of sand, parson—you'd ought to know that—nor we don't none of us know when it's goin' to fetch loost. I'm most ninety now, 'n' I don't cal'late to git no younger."

"Well," said Mr. Pursly, faintly smiling; "when the time *does* come—"

"No, *sir!*" interrupted Mr. Hitt, with emphasis; "when the time *does* come, I won't have no use for it. Th' ain't no sense in the way most folks is berrid. Whut's th' use of puttin' a man into a mahog'ny coffin, with a silver plate big 's a dishpan, an' preachin' a fun'l sermon over him, an' costin' his estate good money, when he's only a poor deaf, dumb, blind fool corpse, an' don't get no good of it? *Naow*, I've be'n to the undertaker's, an' hed my coffin made under my own sooperveesion—good wood, straight grain. no knots—nuthin' fancy, but doorable. I've hed my tombstun cut, an' chose my text to put onto it—'we brung nuthin' into the world, an' it is certain we can take nuthin' out'—an' now I want my fun'l sermon, jes' as the other folks is goin' to hear it who don't pay nuthin' for it. Kin you hev it ready for me this day week?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Pursly, weakly.

"I'll call fer it," said the old man. "Heern some talk about a Perrish House, did n't I?"

"Yes," began Mr. Pursly, his face lighting up.

"'T ain't no sech a bad idee," remarked Brother Joash. "Wal, good day." And he walked off before the minister could say any thing more.

One week later, Mr. Pursly again sat in his study, looking at Brother Joash, who had a second time settled himself in the dark corner.

It had been a terrible week for Mr. Pursly. He and his conscience, and his dream of the Parish House, had been shut up together working over that sermon, and waging a war of compromises. The casualties in this war were all on the side of the conscience.

"Read it!" commanded Brother Joash. The minister grew pale. This was more than he had expected. He grew pale and then red and then pale again.

"Go ahead!" said Brother Joash.

"Brethren," began Mr. Pursly, and then he stopped short. His pulpit voice sounded strange in his little study.

"Go ahead!" said Brother Joash.

"We are gathered together here to-day to pay a last tribute of respect and affection—"

"Clk!" There was a sound like the report of a small pistol. Mr. Pursly looked up. Brother Joash regarded him with stern intentness.

"—to one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of our town, a pillar of our church, and a monument of the civic virtues of probity, industry and wisdom, a man in whom we all took pride, and—"

"Clk!" Mr. Pursly looked up more quickly this time, and a faint suggestion of an expression just vanishing from Mr. Hitt's lips awakened in his unsuspecting breast a horrible suspicion that Brother Joash had chuckled.

"—whose like we shall not soon again see in our midst. The children on the streets will miss his familiar face—"

"Say!" broke in Brother Joash, "how'd it be for a delegation of child'n to foller the remains, with flowers or sump'n'? They'd volunteer if you give 'em the hint, would n't they?"

"It would be—unusual," said the minister.

"All right," assented Mr. Hitt, "only an *idee* of mine. Thought they might like it. Go ahead!"

Mr. Pursly went ahead, haunted by an agonizing fear of that awful chuckle, if chuckle it was. But he got along without interruption until he reached a casual and guarded allusion to the widows and orphans without whom no funeral oration is complete. Here the metallic voice of Brother Joash rang out again.

"Say! Ef the widders and orphans send a wreath—or a Gates-Ajar—ef they do, mind ye!—you'll hev it put atop of the coffin, where folks'll see it, wun't ye?"

"Certainly," said the Reverend Mr. Pursly, hastily; "his charities were unostentatious, as was the whole tenor of his life. In these days of spendthrift extravagance, our young men may well—"

"Say!" Brother Joash broke in once more. "Ef any one wuz to git up right there, an' say that I wuz the derndest meanest, miserly, penurious, parsimonious old hunks in 'Quawket, you would n't let him talk like that, would ye?"

"Unquestionably not, Mr. Hitt!" said the minister, in horror.

"Thought not. On'y that's whut I heern one o' your deacons say about me the other day. Did n't know I heern him, but I did. I thought you would n't allow no such talk as that. Go ahead!"

"I must ask you, Mr. Hitt," Mr. Pursly said, perspiring at every pore, "to refrain from interruptions—or I—I really—can not continue."

"All right," returned Mr. Hitt, with perfect calmness. "Continner."

Mr. Pursly continued to the bitter end, with no further interruption that called for remonstrance. There were soft inarticulate sounds that

seemed to him to come from Brother Joash's dark corner. But it might have been the birds in the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* that covered the house.

Brother Joash expressed no opinion, good or ill, of the address. He paid his ten dollars, in one-dollar bills, and took his receipt. But as the anxious minister followed him to the door, he turned suddenly and said:

"You was talkin' 'bout a Perrish House?"

"Yes—"

"Kin ye keep a secret?"

"I hope so—yes, certainly, Mr. Hitt."

"The' 'll be one."

"I feel," said the Reverend Mr. Pursly to his wife, "as if I had carried every stone of that Parish House on my shoulders and put it in its place. Can you make me a cup of tea, my dear?"



The Summer days had begun to grow chill, and the great elms of 'Quawket were flecked with patches and spots of yellow, when, early one morning, the meagre little charity-boy whose duty it was to black Mr. Hitt's boots every day—it was a luxury he allowed himself in his old age—rushed, pale and frightened, into a neighboring grocery, and announced:

"Mist' Hitt's dead!"

"Guess not," said the grocer, doubtfully. "Brother Hitt's gut th' Old Nick's agency for 'Quawket, 'n' I ain't heerd th't he's been discharged for inattention to dooty."

"He's layin' there smilin'," said the boy.

"Smilin'?" repeated the grocer. "Guess I'd better go 'n' see."

In very truth, Brother Joash lay there in his bed, dead and cold, with a smile on his hard old lips, the first he had ever worn. And a most sardonic and discomforting smile it was.

The Reverend Mr. Pursly read Mr. Hitt's funeral address for the second time, in the First Congregational Church of 'Quawket. Every seat was filled; every ear was attentive. He stood on the platform, and below him, supported on decorously covered trestles, stood the coffin that enclosed all that was mortal of Brother Joash Hitt. Mr. Pursly read with his face immovably set on the line of the clock in the middle of the choir-gallery railing. He did not dare to look down at the sardonic smile in the coffin below him; he did not dare to let his eye wander to the dark left-hand corner of the church, remembering the dark left-hand corner of his own study. And as he repeated each complimentary, obsequious, flattering platitude, a hideous, hysterical fear grew stronger and stronger within him that suddenly he would be struck dumb by the "clk!" of that mirthless chuckle that had sounded so much like a pistol-shot. His voice was hardly audible in the benediction.

The streets of 'Quawket were at their gayest and brightest when the mourners drove home from the cemetery at the close of the noontide hour. The mourners were principally the deacons and elders of the First Church. The Reverend Mr. Pursly lay back in his seat with a pleasing yet fatigued consciousness of duty performed and martyrdom achieved. He was exhausted, but humbly happy. As they drove along, he looked with a speculative eye on one or two eligible sites for the Parish House. His companion in the carriage was Mr. Uriel Hankinson, Brother Joash's lawyer, whose entire character had been aptly summed up by one of his fellow-citizens in conferring on him the designation of "a little Joash for one cent."

"Parson," said Mr. Hankinson, breaking a long silence, "that was a fast-rate oration you made."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Mr. Pursly, his chronic smile broadening.

"You treated the deceased right handsome, considerin'," went on the lawyer Hankinson.

"Considering what?" inquired Mr. Pursly, in surprise.

"Considerin'—well, *considerin'*—"

replied Mr. Hankinson, with a wave of his hand. "You must feel to be reel disapp'inted 'bout the Parish House, I sh'd s'pose."

"The Parish House?" repeated the Reverend Mr. Pursly, with a cold chill at his heart, but with dignity in his voice. "You may not be aware, Mr. Hankinson, that I have Mr. Hitt's promise that we should have a Parish House. And Mr. Hitt was—was—a man of his word." This conclusion sounded to his own ears a trifle lame and impotent.

"Guess you had his promise that there *should* be a Parish House,"



IT DID LOOK LIKE IT.



YOUNG MAN (from New York).—There must be something very attractive about me. I've only been in New Jersey ten minutes, and here's an awfully pretty girl waving her handkerchief at me!



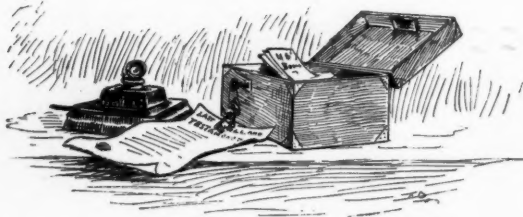
(But if he had been a little more familiar with the entomology of New Jersey, he wouldn't have made such a mistake.)

corrected the lawyer, with a chuckle that might have been a faint echo of Brother Joash's.

"Well?"

"Well—the Second Church gets it. I draw'd his will. Good day, parson—I'll 'light here. Air's kind o' cold, ain't it?"

H. C. Bunner.



#### HOPE LONG DEFERRED.

PROMINENT KANSAN (cautiously).—Gimme—Gimme—

ORIGINAL PACKAGE DEALER.—How many bottles will it be to-day?

KANSAN.—Do I haf to swear it's fer the ague or general debility,

or—

DEALER.—Nope! Just pay, and take all you want.

KANSAN.—Don't haf to let down no string through a hole in the ceilin', or sneak in the back way, or call fer soap suds, or swear afterward that I did n't know what I was drinkin', or—

DEALER.—No! No! You buy just the same as you would potatos or flour.

KANSAN.—This is too good to be true! I—I—Whoop! The end uv the world is at hand! Who-o-o-op!!! (Goes insane.)

#### IT MIGHT HAVE SEEN SERVICE BEFORE.

ETHEL.—There's one thing that does n't suit me about this engagement.

MAUD.—What is it?

ETHEL.—Jack did n't have to go to town for his engagement ring. He simply went up to his room for it.

WHEN A MAN says he has nothing to say, it is safe to bet that there is a barrel full of facts back of his teeth.

ART MUST always get its inspirations from Nature. The zebra gave us our first idea of striped clothing, and the elephant was the inventor of loose trousers.

#### A WORD IN SEASON.

TO PUCK—

Sir:

I owe you a debt I can never repay,  
And, no doubt, there are thousands who feel the same way.  
For blest be the Fate, or—as some call it—Luck,  
That brought me a copy of MIDSUMMER PUCK.  
For the good of the world, not a moment too soon  
Was your Artist inspired to draw that cartoon.

For I thought until then that to make my soul glad  
I had only to marry a girl with a fad.  
And then ever after her intellect bright  
Would shed o'er life's landscape both "sweetness and light."

But away with the girls, with their fads and their books,  
Their tailor-made costumes and masculine looks.  
I will seek the world over until I discover  
A girl like the one on the bench with her lover.

E. H. Porter.

#### AT THE BASE-BALL MATCH.

CITIZEN.—Hello! have you come to watch the curves?

DETECTIVE.—No. To watch the crooks.



#### AN EMBARRASSED VIRTUOSO.

HEIMBURGER (on the cinder-beds).—Spiel ohf dot wasser-mill tune, Fritz.

OPPENMEYER.—I can'd. All dem sand-virms hass crawled mein concertina into.

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"That's rather a handsome bathing-suit to go into the water with."  
"Oh, this is n't for the water! It is the suit I take my sun-bath in."

IT DID LOOK LIKE IT.



YOUNG MAN (*from New York*).—There must be something very attractive about me. I've only been in New Jersey ten minutes, and here's an awfully pretty girl waving her handkerchief at me!

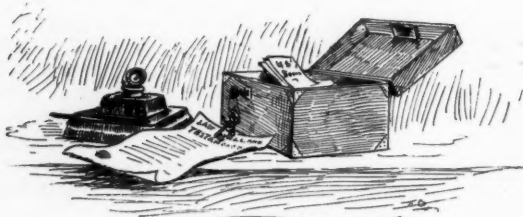


(*But if he had been a little more familiar with the entomology of New Jersey, he wouldn't have made such a mistake.*)

corrected the lawyer, with a chuckle that might have been a faint echo of Brother Joash's.

"Well?"  
"Well—the Second Church gits it. I draw'd his will. Good day, parson—I'll 'light here. Air's kind o' cold, ain't it?"

H. C. Bunner.



#### HOPE LONG DEFERRED.

PROMINENT KANSAN (*cautiously*).—Gimme—Gimme—  
ORIGINAL PACKAGE DEALER.—How many bottles will it be to-day?  
KANSAN.—Do I haf to swear it's fer the ague or general debility,

or—

DEALER.—Nope! Just pay, and take all you want.

KANSAN.—Don't haf to let down no string through a hole in the ceilin', or sneak in the back way, or call fer soap suds, or swear afterward that I did n't know what I was drinkin', or—

DEALER.—No! No! You buy just the same as you would potatos or flour.

KANSAN.—This is too good to be true!, I—  
I—Whoop! The end uv the world is at hand!  
*Who-o-o-op!!! (Goes insane.)*

#### IT MIGHT HAVE SEEN SERVICE BEFORE.

ETHEL.—There's one thing that does n't suit me about this engagement.

MAUD.—What is it?

ETHEL.—Jack did n't have to go to town for his engagement ring. He simply went up to his room for it.

WHEN A MAN says he has nothing to say, it is safe to bet that there is a barrel full of facts back of his teeth.

ART MUST always get its inspirations from Nature. The zebra gave us our first idea of striped clothing, and the elephant was the inventor of loose trousers.

#### A WORD IN SEASON.

TO PUCK—

Sir:

I owe you a debt I can never repay,  
And, no doubt, there are thousands who feel the same way.  
For blest be the Fate, or—as some call it—Luck,  
That brought me a copy of MIDSUMMER PUCK.  
For the good of the world, not a moment too soon  
Was your Artist inspired to draw that cartoon.

For I thought until then that to make my soul glad  
I had only to marry a girl with a fad.  
And then ever after her intellect bright  
Would shed o'er life's landscape both "sweetness and light."

But away with the girls, with their fads and their books,  
Their tailor-made costumes and masculine looks.  
I will seek the world over until I discover  
A girl like the one on the bench with her lover.

E. H. Porter.

#### AT THE BASE-BALL MATCH.

CITIZEN.—Hello! have you come to watch the curves?

DETECTIVE.—No. To watch the crooks.



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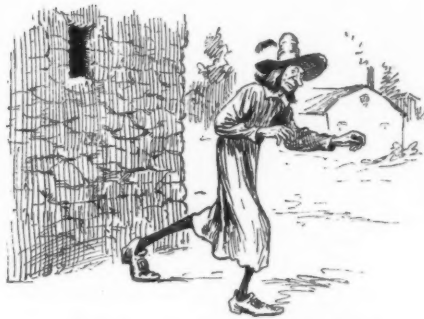
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I.—Whenas this Dante, through the whole Inferno  
Thus had I led, he said to me, "O Virgil:  
Come to New York and see the Real Business."

II.—Then did he lead me earthward through a portal,  
Whereat hijjus beings froze the soul within me,  
All in eternal anguish crying "Keb, sir!"



III.—Then on through streets piled up with bar'ls and boxes  
Led he me smiling; torture wrung my shinbones—  
"This sort of thing," said he, "is what they stand, here."



VI.—Likewise we went into a Dime Museum;  
And all my face I covered with my forepaws—  
Such be the tastes of modern civilization.



VIII.—Thus to the shop of Solomon Isaacs came we,  
In the Via Baxter, but when he besought me  
Pantsies to purchase, all my soul was withered.



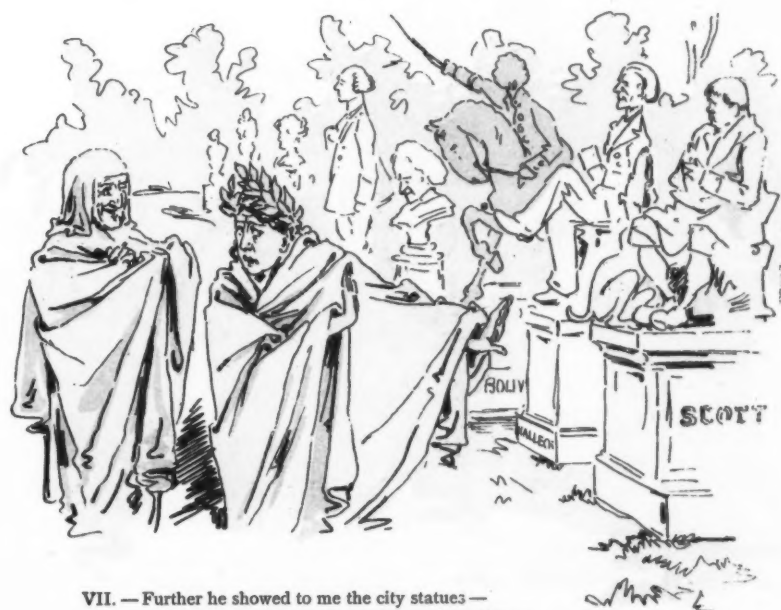
X.—Then, when a busting manhole raised beneath me,  
And in its depths I saw the steam infernal—  
"Let me go back," I cried, "where things are homelike"



IV.—And on my startled vision sprang a creature  
Half-human only, horrifying wholly:  
"This," murmured Dante, "is a New York dudelet."



V.—Then, going further, saw I the hyenas  
Who have usurped the power the dudelets yielded—  
Aldermen these be, better known as "boodlers."



VII.—Further he showed to me the city statues—  
They were enough to scare a monkey silly—  
Shuddering I fled, and longed for Hell and comfort.



IX.—Yet in my soul there lingered shreds of courage;  
But when he led me to the bargain-counter,  
Swore I that never more would I see women.

XI.—"Hell I can stand, politely called the Inferno;  
But a New Yorker's hide must sure be toughened,  
Quite beyond any thing we know below there—  
Or he'd emigrate."  
*P. Vergilius Maro.*

*Sup. B. Giffen.*

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York N.Y.

# NEW INFERNO.

New York.—Virgil gets his Eyes Opened.—He Describes the Journey.

## TEMPERANCE TALES.



FEW MORNINGS SINCE, an early passer on a certain business street might have perceived a boy treading the pave with rapid steps. His clothing, though old and patched, was neat; his hands and face were clean; his hair was smoothly brushed and he had a shine on. He was looking for employment.

There was no unattached employment in that street, and he was obliged to search elsewhere. From place to place he went, still without success, until evening came. Then, disheartened and weary, he turned toward his humble home and the frugal meal which awaited him.

Walking thus sadly along, he saw approaching him a corpulent gentleman who looked as if he might be a millionaire. Resolving to make one more effort, the boy accosted him, and, in a manly, straightforward manner, spoke his little piece.

"You look like an honest lad," said Corpulence, kindly; "have you a good education?"

"I have, sir," replied the boy, looking squarely into his interlocutor's eyes. "I have been to the public schools, and can read, write, cipher, and model in clay."

"Are your habits correct?"

"They are, sir; I have a certificate from my Sunday-school teacher to that effect."

"Do you drink beer?"

"Never, sir!" replied the boy, with emphasis. "I am a member of the Glittering Band of Ice Water Imbibers!"

"Then I have no use for you," said the heavy-weight, passing on; "I own a brewery, and I conduct it on strictly business principles."

Reformation from intemperate habits often arises from slight and obscure causes. A prosperous merchant once became addicted to frequent drinking during business hours. Keeping a large bottle of liquor in an ante-room adjoining his office, he would at short intervals go out to see his ante, returning surrounded by an enriched atmosphere. This continued until he became a wreck. His relatives were about to have him committed to an inebriate asylum, and a trustee appointed for his property, when they were chagrined to notice a great change in him. Although he continued the habit, his eye became clear once more, his step firm and elastic, the flush shifted from his nose to his cheek, and in a short time he was in all respects his former self. Investigation showed that he had latterly been having the aforesaid bottle filled at a drug-store; and, the liquor sold there being composed chiefly of burnt sugar and *aqua urbana*, the more he drank the more sober he got. The reformation was permanent and he is now more prosperous than ever, being engaged in relating his experience at \$400 per night.

Reader, heed this tale. Get your bottle filled at a drug-store, and you may yet shake off the accursed slavery.

In front of one of the gilded gin-palaces which line the streets of our cities, stood a group of young men beguiling the time with ribald jest, when there approached a youth whose thoughtful brow and manly bearing strongly contrasted with theirs.

"Let us have some sport with the good boy," they said among themselves in wicked glee; and then they called, jeeringly: "Hennery, won't you come and have a glass of be-or?"



## AN UNKNOWN CONDIMENT.

GUEST (at the Eagle House).—Have you any oil?  
PROPRIETOR.—No; but if them wheels of yours squeaks, I'll tell Sile t' go over th' axles with mutton-taller after dinner.

The youth paused and gazed at them with a look of rebuke. "Listen, friends," he said, in a clear voice, "and I will tell you why I have naught to do with beer."

"My great-grandfather was a beer-drinker; he died of fatty degeneration of the heart. My grandfather drank beer; he fills the grave of the dropsical. My father drinks beer; he has had bilious fever twenty-seven times. I have promised my mother not to touch the debasing fluid. Let us take whiskey together, and thus help me to keep my pledge."

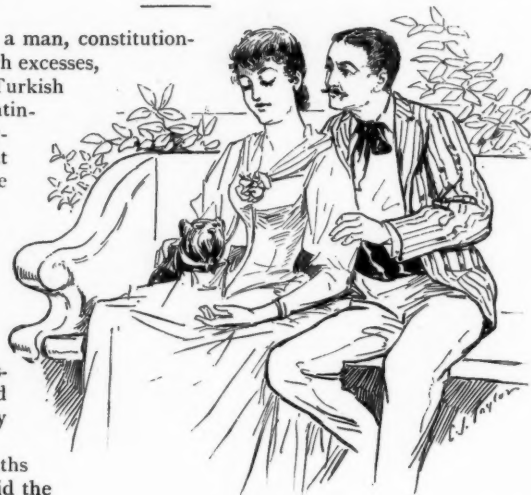
The brave words of the noble youth triumphed, and everybody took whiskey.

Not long ago, a man, constitutionally unfitted for such excesses, contracted the Turkish Bath habit, and continued it until his physician told him that indulging once more would cause his death. In this predicament he visited an acquaintance who occasionally underwent the Ottoman operation with pleasure and benefit, and suggested that they swear off together.

"But Turkish baths do not hurt me," said the acquaintance.

"No, but they do me, and you ought to be willing to do something for a friend."

Being possessed of strong moral courage, the acquaintance refused. Maddened by this treatment, the victim hastened to the nearest bath conservatory, intending to end his life in its dissipation. Unfortunately, however, the bath did him no harm, and one of the numerous morals of this study in realism is that mighty few doctors know what they are talking about, any how.



## BRIEF BLISS.

GAWGE.—Will you be mine?

MAUD.—Yes, Gawge; until the end of the season!

## VERY SUCCESSFUL.

REV. SYLVAN FLOCK (to REV. POWNSEND POWNDES, the noted Evangelist).—Did you have a successful revival at Quohosh?  
REV. POWNSEND POWNDES.—Very! I received four hundred and fifty dollars for three weeks' work.

## AMBIGUOUS.

YOUNG WHIPPER.—I would like to have your daughter for my wife.

OLD SNAPPER.—Indeed; and what does your wife want of her?

## IT BLEW.

FIRST WHISKER.—What a wind!

SECOND WHISKER.—Yes, it goes quite through me.

THE OFFICE SEEKS the man, and sometimes, we fancy, when contemplating the character of its find, the Office wishes it had hunted a little longer.

NO WONDER time flies; time is money.

THE ENGLISH RACE—After American Girls.

THE BEARS are probably responsible for the squeezes on the Stock Exchange.

RICHES HAVE WINGS; but they always roost on the highest branches.

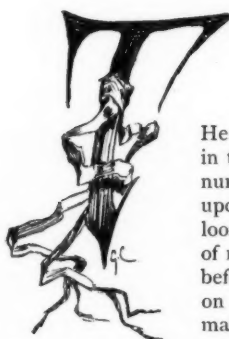
"IT'S A LONG TIME between drinks," as the water-bucket remarked in Kentucky.



## ROUGH ON THE COW.

MRS. MIGGLES.—Well, what yer groanin' 'n' grumblin' about now?

TIRED TREDDICK.—I was wonderin' whether it would n't have been less arduous to eat the wood and saw the steak.



## THE SCHWEITZER SONATA.

(After Tolstoi.)

PAUL PONYCHAFF was a young landed proprietor. He owned a tomato vineyard near the Elysian fields in the Hoboken province. In the course of years the nursing of the succulent "love-apple" began to pall upon Paul's jaded ambition, and he determined to cut loose a bit. So one morning, fired with the energy of new purpose, he got away with an absinthe cocktail before breakfast. Then he started for the ferry. But on the way he met his fate. He passed a lovely maiden leading a brindled cow forth to feed on the meadow-grass. He fell in love with her at first sight.

He returned home determined to learn all about her. In two days he knew that she was the daughter of another landed proprietor, who ran a select piggery near the elevated railway. He secured an introduction through the good offices of the poundkeeper, and in three days he had won the innocent maiden's esteem and her consent to be his bride.

And so they were married. All went well until they became so wealthy that they moved to Jersey City, in order to send their children to better schools and bring them up under the advantages of a first-class ring government. The house which they took had one room more than they needed, and they put an advertisement in the *Argus* for a boarder. The first applicant was Vladimir Succotasch, a young violinist, who played solos in a beer garden near the Gap. He was cursed with a fatal beauty, and a Gemünder fiddle of rare tone. Paul Ponychaff took a dislike to him at once, but, for some mysterious reason, did not give it away. Mrs. Ponychaff could play the piano, and ere long she and Succotasch began to perform duets. Ponychaff began to be miserably jealous; yet he had no grounds for desperate measures. But one day he was called away on business. When he returned he heard the squeaking of the wry-necked violin and the tin-tin-abulation of the stencil piano. His wife and Succotasch were playing a duet. Paul Ponychaff entered the house, and peeping through the parlor keyhole read the title of the music. It was the Schweitzer Sonata, by Baithoven. Paul listened. They were playing the first movement, allegretto senza sardines. It went thus:



Why, what was this? Somehow the composer's meaning seemed to smite him with fearful force. "She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau." That was what this music meant! But listen to the second movement. The piano gave out the following theme:

## Andantino con morbidezza.



Strange! Again his sharpened perceptions caught the composer's thought. "You do not love me, no; kiss me good-by and go." Would Succotasch do so? Not he. He was a stayer. Poising his violin under his left jaw, he burst into the second subject of the movement:

## Allegro ma non troppo.



Once more the deep and damning significance of the music smote upon Paul's consciousness. It was as if he had heard Succotasch say: "O You Little Darling, I love you." Madness! But once more. Now they began the last movement.

## Allegro con brio.



Great Heavens! With what terrible meaning did those measures smite his brain! "Johnny, get your gun, get your gun!" shrieked the violin. He! He would obey. He rushed upstairs and got his revolver. He rushed down again. Then he rushed out of the front door. Next day he began an action for divorce in the Supreme Court.

Tricotrin.

## A CRUEL QUERY.

ETHEL.—My intended is a great artist, you know. I fell in love with him when I saw one of his paintings.

MAUD.—How much was it worth?

## URGENTLY NEEDED.

THE POET'S WIFE.—Algernon, I wish we had a big, fierce dog.

THE POET.—What for, my Zenobia?

THE POET'S WIFE.—To keep the wolf from the door.



LADIES, NEVER POWDER a dimpled cheek. It can do execution well enough without being loaded.



## STOCK-EXCHANGE AMENITIES.

KIRBY STONE (to his new partner).—Great Scott, old man! The boys did give you a reception! Are you all broke up?

PUTTSON CALL, JR. (who has just emerged from his first appearance on 'change').—Oh, no! I feel just like a new man!

## "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

SAYS THE OLD ADAGE, BUT A CRAMP BEFORE YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH A BOTTLE OF

THE GENUINE

**Ed. Brown's  
Ginger**

ESTABLISHED 1822, PHILAD'A, PA.  
U. S. A.

MAY HAVE VERY SERIOUS RESULTS.

LOOK OUT FOR RED LABEL ADOPTED TO MEET FRAUDS.

**DECKER  
BROTHERS' PIANOS**  
33 UNION SQUARE  
NEW YORK

## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.  
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

**BAY RUM**  
THIS ARTICLE  
IS  
**ABSOLUTELY  
PURE,**

AND WILL BE A REVELATION TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN PURCHASING THE ADULTERATED BAY RUM WHICH IS ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY SOLD. INSIST ON GETTING THE GENUINE WITH MY TRADE MARK AND ABOVE SIGNATURE. IT WILL REPAY YOU.  
H. MICHELSEN, WEST INDIES.

### A Handsome Complexion

Is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives it.

GATE-KEEPER Hans Erickson is voted a discourteous man by the members of this community for having refused exit to one of our number who had gone to the trouble of procuring a suit of clothes for the occasion. However, our friend has been compensated for his disappointment by being presented with a "watch, chain and charm."  
—*Prison Mirror*.

WE do not attempt to disguise the yearning to exchange with the *Southern Ulster*, whose editor scintillates and sparkles with a deep red light peculiar to himself. The last issue of his sheet has the following little gem: "The West Shore cars were crowded, and some of them had to stand up."  
—*The Conglomerate*.

### HE OBEYED THE SIGNAL.

MAUD.—I'll never flirt again, if I live to be a hundred!

ANNIE.—Why, dear. What's the matter?

MAUD.—Matter? I winked at a sweet young drug clerk, downtown, to-day, and he put whiskey in my soda!—*Light*.

### HIRSHKIND'S BUSINESS REASONING.

HIRSHKIND.—Und vat may be the price of this vatch?

JEWELER.—Ten dollars.

HIRSHKIND (*sotto voce*).—He asks ten; he means eight; he'll dake six; it's vorth four; I'll offer two.—*Jewelers' Circular*.

### WHY HE SOUGHT THE SEASIDE.

JOHNNIE.—The newspapers are a fraud!  
: ? ? ?

JOHNNIE.—Yes. I read what they had to say about the seaside and then went and bought an opera glass and came down here. I haven't seen any thing improper since I came.—*The Epoch*.

### AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

"Well, if I had n't been told beforehand that this was an improper piece, I should never have seen—"

"The difference, darling—or the play?"—*Ex*.

### LEGISLATIVE REFORM.

BEZUMBY.—I think it would be a good idea to have Congressmen elected in duplicate.

MR. GILHOOLY.—What for?

BEZUMBY.—So that one could monkey with politics while the other attended to business.—*Texas Siftings*.

### PICNIC HUMOR.

"I heard a queer story about that mountain, over yonder from our native driver to-day."

"What was that?"

"A young lady and gentleman went out for a walk on that hill; they went up higher and higher, and—never came back again."

"Dear me! what became of the unhappy pair?"

"They went down on the other side."—*Ex*.

### NO INDUCEMENT.

FREDDIE.—Let us break this cup.

LITTLE JOHNNY.—No; it does n't belong to a set.—*Epoch*.

### THE DESIGN WAS DEFICIENT.

SILVERSMITH.—That teapot is for a member of Congress. Is n't it a beauty?"

PHILOSOPHER.—I think you have not made enough of one feature.

SILVERSMITH.—What's that?

PHILOSOPHER.—The spout.—*Jewel Weekly*.

MRS. TANGLE.—What does "original sin" mean, Henry?

MR. TANGLE.—Well, I believe the original sin was apple stealing.—*West Shore*.

EDITOR QUINN of the *Pine Knot Vidette* is piping hot. Some individual stole his pipe, and he says the scoundrel will smoke for the theft in the great hereafter.—*Prison Mirror*.

### THE CELEBRATED

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PIANOS**

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.  
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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**LIEBIG  
Company's**

**EXTRACT  
OF BEEF.**

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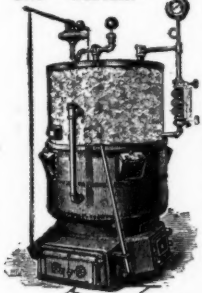
ROMANTIC ENVIRONMENT.

HE (*sentimentally*).—It seems almost impossible to be amid these woodland scenes, and not to love—some one.

SHE (*languishingly*).—Indeed it does. The placid lake, the sunlit hills, the shady dells, and the sweet songs of birds, drive from one's head all thought of what it costs to live respectably.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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EXCESSIVE LOVE.

RURAL CHILD.—I wish Aunt Brownstone did n't love us so much.

MRS. HAYSEED.—La sakes! what a funny wish! Why?

RURAL CHILD.—'Cause I asked her why she did n't take us to the theaters, and parks, and parties, and operas, and such places, w'en we visited her in th' city, an' she said it was 'cause she loved us so much she was perfectly contented to sit around home with us.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*



It is the vacation season. Business suggestions are almost out of order. Just a little hint for fall work; a Remington Standard Typewriter.

A TENDER-HEARTED GIRL.

OLD MILLION.—My dear Miss Youngthing, if you 'd only marry me I could die happy.

MISS YOUNGTHING.—Why, Mr. Million, if you were dying I 'd marry you in a minute.—*New York Weekly.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

CUSTOMER.—Seems to me that razor is rather dull.

BARBER.—Mought be, sah. It was to a pahty las' night, sah.—*New York Weekly.*

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MRS. YOUNGBRIDE.—And now what else have you got that would be nice?

GROCER.—Well, Mum, there's some very fine egg-plant.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE.—Oh, yes; do send up an egg-plant. Clarence is so fond of omelette.—*Chicago America.*

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Do not stint the family larder to send the non-esculent missionary over the seas, for the gospel he bears can not assuage the indigestion he causes.—*Kate Field's Washington.*



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Do you want to laugh? To laugh real hard? Very, very hard? Hard enough to cure that attack of indigestion?

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## ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

SUMMER OUTER.—I have engaged board with a Mr. Hayseed. Am I near his place?

NATIVE.—Yep. Next farm to this.

TOURIST.—By the way, whose fine property is this?

NATIVE.—Mr. Suburb's. He's a gentleman farmer.

TOURIST.—Is Mr. Hayseed a gentleman farmer, too?

NATIVE.—Nope. He's a farmer.

TOURIST.—What's the difference?

NATIVE.—Mr. Suburb sells what he can't eat, and Mr. Hayseed eats what he can't sell.—Street & Smith's Good News.

## NO PHYSIC LIKE IT.

"Why, how did you cure that lame leg? I thought you would be lame for life."

"So did I before I got a verdict for five thousand dollars against the railroad company; but that straightened it out in no time.—Epoch.

## AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

FRENCH EDITOR.—Did you make a minute of yesterday's duel?

ASSISTANT.—No, Monsieur; it was impossible.

FRENCH EDITOR.—Why?

ASSISTANT.—Because it had only two seconds.

—Light.

## A COMPENSATING CLOCK.

ALECK (from the city).—Uncle Silas, your clock is half-an-hour slow.

UNCLE SILAS.—Never mind, Aleck. The minute hand 'll drop half an hour after it passes 12. It's loose.—Jewelers' Weekly.

IN taking care that your cleanliness is next to your godliness, take care also that your godliness is not next to nothing.—Kate Field's Washington.

CABMAN (to a woman passenger, who has just alighted).—What's the matter, Madam? Are you going to have a fit? Perhaps I'd better ring for the patrol wagon.

WOMAN PASSENGER.—Nonsense, man. There's nothing the matter with me. I'm just looking for the pocket of my dress.—Chicago America.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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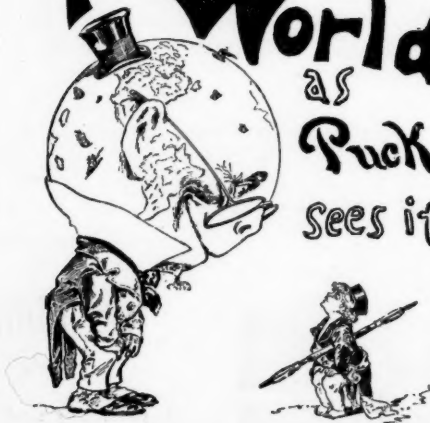
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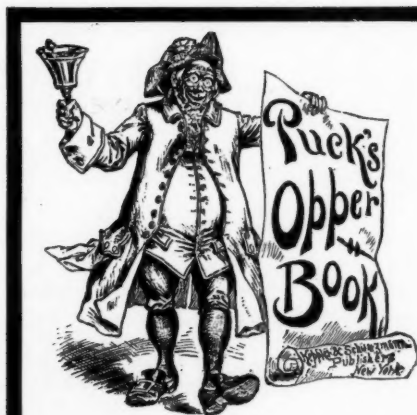
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THE low-down rascal who stole skunks from a skunkery in Wyoming County is capable of abducting the Buffalo Police Court. — *Buffalo Express.*

## CURE FOR FRIENDSHIP.

"How is it that Dumley and Mumley, who used to be such close friends, are now enemies?"

"They started to room together." — *Lawrence Advertiser.*

## HE'S ALL WORST.

A newspaper item tells how a domestic "got the best of a burglar," as if there were any best to a burglar! — *Texas Cartoon.*

THE Swiss government has officially proclaimed its unbelief in the tradition that Wilhelm Tell shot the apple from his son's head, and has ordered all books which contain any reference to the episode from the schools. Is it not at Altorf that two statues have been set up, one of Tell and the other of his son, and is it not recorded upon their pedestals that they stand upon the exact positions occupied by Tell, sr., and Tell, jr., when the shooting was done? If there were none, how came those statues there? Every right-minded person will see that the Swiss government is clearly in error. — *Boston Post.*

DASHLEY.—Do you see that tall fellow over there?

CASHLEY.—Yes; he is about six foot seven inches. Who is he?

DASHLEY.—The new comedian at the Frivolity Theatre.

CASHLEY.—Ah! He ought to be able to reach the height of the ridiculous. — *Chicago America.*

THE widow of the great Garibaldi evidently thinks there is nothing in a name. She is about to marry a Dr. Tanferna, who has never had a shirt-waist or even a collar-button named after him. — *Omaha Herald.*

"How curious Maude Madeup's hair looks! Sort of streaky in color."

"Yes. I think she's getting it on the installment plan." — *St. Joseph News.*

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Two French aeronauts will attempt to cross Europe in a balloon. They will make the ascent from some town in France; but they can not predict with any degree of definiteness where they will land. It is this uncertainty about one's real destination that arouses a popular prejudice against the balloon as a common carrier. — *Omaha Herald.*

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